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MYSTERIOUS ETERNAL FACTS.

My Two Dreams

*The First during the late War ; the Second on 5th
March, 1877 ; with an*

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY,

By an Unknown Author, in Connection with the Last One.

CONCLUDING WITH

STRANGE, REMARKABLE BIBLE FACTS.

By G. D. WOOTTON.

" Young men shall dream dreams,
And old men shall see visions."

RICHMOND :

DANIEL MURPHY, PRINTER, 17 GOVERNOR ST.

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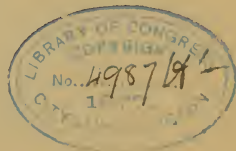
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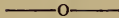
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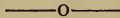


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Dedicated to "Meekins' Twineses."—WOOTTON.



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HISTORICAL PREFACE

TO MY FIRST DREAM.

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It was, as well as I can remember, on the close of one of the winters during the war, that I had a dream, and in the morning succeeding the night of my dream I had occasion to walk up to the Clerk's office of the Hustings Court, then in the old City Hall, corner of Broad and Capitol streets, in Richmond, Va., and whilst there I simply mentioned to a few persons present that "last night I had a dream," and they insisted on my telling it. I did so, but had no idea that any one was near me to catch and publish it, but it seems that Mr. J. Marshall Hanna, an associate editor and reporter for the Richmond *Examiner*, was in an adjoining room and heard me relate it, and published it the next day in his paper, which is on file and in possession of persons in the city of Richmond, and out of the State also.

I have been and am so often called on, at home and abroad, by so many, to relate it to them and give them a copy of it, that I have concluded to publish it thus wise, with another one (dream) that I had about the 5th of March, 1877, and let the public take them for what they are worth, and form any opinion they choose pertaining to them; for my opinion is that, generally, dreams are delusions.

## MY FIRST DREAM.

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I dreamt, at the time aforementioned, that I died and went to another world, and when I awoke from death, I found myself in the centre of a vast plain, standing on an eminence in one of the most elegant thoroughfares ever seen by man, and I felt lost, and began to wander up the beautiful road, walking slowly along and contemplating the beauties and excellences to my right and left hand—for it was interspersed with all kinds of flowers and evergreens, with all kinds of birds making melody and song, and I met people with melancholy, down-cast looks, and they enquired of me where I was going and what was my business. I would answer by telling them that I was lost and was hunting for my brothers, the lawyers; but they made no response, and I continued to travel till I felt way-worn and almost broken down—but, continuing on, I beheld afar off a magnificent dwelling, and as I approached towards it I saw a guard walking backward and forward, and seemed to be on important duty. I walked up to him, and he asked me what I wanted. I told him I was seeking my brethren, the lawyers, and he replied, “I don’t think there are any here, but I will call Peter and he will tell you,” and I looked up and saw over the entrance to the Temple, in large, dazzling letters, the sign written HEAVEN. Peter came and seemed to be almost overladen with keys, and requested me to wait until he could ascertain if any of them were in the house. I waited with the sentinel for some time, when Peter returned and informed me that he had searched in every niche, nook and corner, and *na-ra* lawyer could be found, and he politely bowed and told me if I would take the back track and con-

tinue to travel on I would find all of them. So I did as he directed me, and traveled on and on, until I felt like dying again, I was so tired and weary, and I felt like all hope was gone, and black despair hovered over me. I then felt a bright spark kindle in my breast, and I raised my eyes and looked ahead of me, and I saw a dark, desolate-looking old castle, as black at some glances as pitch, and standing at the gate of this awful-looking old dwelling was a horrid, terrible-looking creature in the form and image of man and beast too, with strange, warlike apparel and huge weapons on his person, and I shrunk with instinctive dread and halted, but he beckoned to me, when I approached him, and he asked me, "what do you want here?" which partially removed my feeling of dread. I told him I wanted to see my brothers, the lawyers, and could not find them. "Oh!" he said, "curse your soul, they are all here; I'll show you to them, and see if they will recognize and know you." I then looked up, and over a grandly dark entrance on the old sombre-looking dwelling I read in great fiery letters "Hell." My hair rose on my head and I drew back with my heart seeming to come up my throat with horror and resistance. And he said to me, "don't be alarmed, that sign don't mean anything, come along, come along; follow me." I did so, and he ushered me into a vast area of fire, and the smell of brimstone was strong, and blue blazes lightened up the place. And I looked and saw all sorts of people, and saw all of the lawyers I ever knew, a great line of Brothers, and they, together with all of the inhabitants of the place, saluted me, "Hell-aw, hell-aw, Lawyer. How do you do? how did you leave all? when did you get in?" And I said, you all go to the devil. And I felt like I was burning up with fire and brimstone, and I saw several vacant seats, and I made for one of them, but Demon on his throne raised his fiery spear, and they all vociferated with a voice of thunder to me, "don't

take that seat. That seat is reserved for old J — — M——,” Governor Letcher’s intimate friend, then in the highest city authority. I then made for the next seat, and they cursed me and told me not to take that one, it was reserved for A—— L——, Booth’s special “pet,” then in the highest authority (Federally). I then put for the other visible one, and they all roared aloud like lions, “don’t take that one, it is reserved for B—— B——, the body snatcher, spoons, &c., and so on, in New Orleans.” And I then began to swoon in despair, and commenced praying with all my might and soul, and a splendid seat appeared before me with golden steps leading up to it, attached to something like an elevator. I ran up the steps and dropped down in the seat and it soused me up and down until I saw all of the hells above and below. And I cried aloud, Lord have mercy on me ! And it was drawn up, and a strange tremendous creature as large as a great horse with wings swooped down and told me to mount up, and I sprung upon its back and seized with my hands the roots of its wings, and it carried me away up in the air and struck off in a line towards the dwelling of Peter, and after hovering over an entrance on the top of it, a beautiful-looking being reached up and took me in its arms and descended down, through various departments, to a room, and I saw Peter, and met him coming up to me, and he said, “let me congratulate you, for by ‘grace are you saved.’ You are one of a very few of your brethren who ever entered into this habitation.” And I responded, “Well, now give me a good case,” and then came to my natural senses in fear and trembling.

I then and there charged my memory with the dream.



## MY SECOND DREAM.

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It was on the night of the 5th of March, 1877, about midnight, whilst shrouded in the mantle of sleep, I heard a sweet voice at a distance that floated into my soul, asking "Where is God?" and the answer sweetly and softly came, "Mortal son of man, I dwell in habitations, visible and invisible, seen and unseen too. My throne is in temples eternally, in the SUN! Here I am and through this medium I exert all power over animate and inanimate creation." "And oh! Almighty Father," I cried, "Can I enter into thy courts and behold thy power and understand thy mysteries?" And the answer was, "Vain man! look, see me all around thee, and feel my power in every fibre of thy frame, but go to the door that dazzles with pure light and an Angel will welcome you." And in obedience to the command I hailed the Angel and he ushered me in, and I fell prostrate in a vision, and saw dread Omnipotence moving in every place up or down or in any way, and everywhere, without any limit; and I saw gross darkness, and in it Blood, Fire, Wrath, and every huge monster, every destructive power or agency that was ever imagined, seen, thought, read or heard of by man, and the blackness was so that I felt that it was all embodied in me. I then turned in desperation and asked in this language: "Oh! my God, am I cursed into everlasting damnation?" and a voice said, "thou fool, look again," and my eyes opened and I saw all things that can make dazzling brightness, with every grace and perfection of God and angels, and innumerable, strange, mysterious machinations, all seeming to perform their parts or doing something. I then arose and

stood on my feet, and saw a line without an end, a height without a depth, and an expanse without a limit, and saw a great throne with all kinds of wings on all parts of it, and saw God seated on it and standing at the same time, and surrounded by all the grandeur, beauty and sublimity, and brilliancy of every work of nature that ever existed—rivers of purity, fields of beauty and variety, and all hues and colors of every description, with innumerable apparent flowers and trees, bearing all kinds and every manner of fruit, differing from any ever seen by man, and meteoric dew drops and gushes of deep, mysterious light that is inexplicable, and then the roar, moan and deep muttering noise of unnumbered thunders and lightnings, that for awhile annihilated me and hid from me all things, and I screamed aloud, "It is the voice of God and the flashes of his eyes." And dreaming on, I saw all of the Seasons of the year holding consultation, and they contended with all their power for supremacy, distinction and preference, and their arguments surpassed all the wonders and mysteries of inspiring eloquence, and they uttered every language that was ever given to man since created or since time began, and I had a perfect understanding of the spirit and every word of them, and felt that no mortal being but myself could have any knowledge of them, and complained that it was so; and passing from the complaint, I dreamed that a strange character stood up before me, and I loved him so, I wanted to die for him, and wanted to die for him anyhow, and called him to me and said, "oh! my beloved one, tell me, oh! please tell me who you are and where you came from," and he said, "I am thy Brother, the son of Jesse. Prepare for time and eternity." He then smiled on me and vanished, and as he did so, I said to him "we shall meet again," and a strange voice answered "not in your dream." I then awoke from my delusion, repeating an address to the Deity (by an unknown

author, but said to be one Rice), which I committed perfectly to memory in the commencement of the year 1876. In my estimation and opinion it is the grandest, greatest, most sublime, inspiring and eloquent strain ever produced by the genius of man.

Our beloved Ex-Governor HENRY A. WISE, deceased, expressed to me, a short time before he died, the very highest opinion of it.

# ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

## I.

Oh! Thou Celestial King! whose ample light  
 Doth occupy all space, all nature guide;  
 Immutable through Time's destructive flight,  
 The true and living God—there is none beside.  
 King above all kings, the Omnific one,  
 Whom saints and angels never can explore,  
 Who spoke creation, and the work was done;  
 This is our Father—we this God adore.

## II.

Philosophy, in research most sublime,  
 May weigh the ocean and describe the star,  
 But no skill in prose or the poet's rhyme  
 Surveys our plastic Monarch in his car.  
 Mysterious God! reason's brightest spark,  
 Kindled by light from Thee, in vain would try  
 To know thy wisdom infinite and dark,  
 Or weigh the worlds that on Thy pinions fly.

## III.

Oh! God, from non-existence Thou didst call  
 First chaos, then all creation. From Thee  
 Eternity took its boundless name—all  
 Things created came from Thee: Harmony  
 Life, light, bliss, Thou art the origin—thine  
 All glory is, for Thou dost yet create!  
 Thy vivid rays inspire all space divine,  
 Thou God of light, sustaining potentate.

## IV.

Thy arms the boundless universe surround,  
 Sustained by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath.  
 Thou all creation in thy chains hath bound,  
 And strangely sewn the seeds of life and death.  
 As sparks ascending in the nitrous blaze,  
 So, sun, moon and stars sprang from Thee ;  
 And as those orbs extend their fulgent rays,  
 Like floods of silver we thy glory see.

## V.

Unnumbered worlds, created by thy hand,  
 Wind their vast course through the blue abyss—  
 Adore thy power, obey thy dread command,  
 Teeming with life and all complete with bliss.  
 What are their names? Orbs of Celestial light,  
 A golden multitude of brilliant streams,  
 Tapers of purest air in lustre bright,  
 Supernal suns in all their splendid beams.

## VI.

Just like a drop of water in the sea,  
 In Thee all this unequalled glory is lost.  
 What are the starry worlds compared to Thee?  
 And what am I to their omnific cost?  
 Though my immortal spirit be arrayed  
 In all the rapture of angelic thought,  
 'Tis but a speck, when in thy balance weighed—  
 Compared to Thee, is but a cypher brought.

## VII.

Yet, I am the essence of thy light divine,  
 Thy brilliant worlds inspire my bosom too,  
 And on my heart doth thy blest Spirit shine  
 As shines the sun upon the morning dew.

I live and move, and on thy mercy fly ;  
 Thy matchless love unites my soul to Thee ;  
 I ever feel thy quickening presence nigh,  
 Which draws me on to thy divinity.

## VIII

Oh ! God, thy plastic arm did me create ;  
 Thou art the source of my immortal soul,  
 The song of angels in their high estate ; .  
 Thy vast commission does all worlds control.  
 Spirit of my spirit, my hope my all,  
 Who lit in me a spark surviving death,  
 To wing its way at thy loud trumpet call,  
 To realms inspired with thy pacific breath.

## IX.

Thou art that God who bowled the ocean deep,  
 And formed the mountains with volcanic fire ;  
 But, lo ! thy condescension deigned to weep,  
 And die to save us from the Father's ire.  
 Thou art that God who burst the marble tomb,  
 Placed in thy side the keys of death and hell ;  
 Thy victory stamped upon the grave the doom  
 That Adam's race might with the Angels dwell.

## X.

Thou art the sole director of my heart,  
 Oh ! let my wandering spirit learn of Thee,  
 Thy boundless mercy to my soul impart,  
 Though but a speck in thy immensity.  
 Yet I must live, since fashioned by thy hand,  
 And rank above the fallen sons of earth—  
 Short is my stay among this mortal band,  
 Soon I'll ascend where angels have their birth.

## XI.

Infinite God! Thou didst my soul create,  
 And stamp in me a spark of endless life—  
 Oh! save my spirit from lost angels' fate,  
 Bear it above the woes of dying strife;  
 Escort me on the pinions of strong faith,  
 O'er Jordan's waves, and help my spirit rise  
 Above this rolling sphere, by truth which saith  
 Believe in God and soar the upper skies.

## XII.

Creative being is in me complete,  
 Though my frail dust, of lowest order sigh,  
 My step is onward to an angel's seat,  
 I guide the lightnings as they madly fly.  
 A worm am I, yet spirit in my flight,  
 Strangely constructed by some plastic sire,  
 Whose name is God, the Omnipresent light,  
 Transporting angels to a seraph's lyre.

## XIII.

The stern commission of thy voice be still,  
 The lightnings thunder with terrific sheen  
 The bounding ocean and the flowing rill,  
 Declare thy glory, though a God unseen.  
 The strange construction of the creature man,  
 All grades of life through creation run,  
 Confirm thy wisdom in its God-like plan,  
 And prove thy nature and thy name are one.

## XIV.

Thou art that God who sympathized and wept,  
 With sisters mourning at their brother's tomb;  
 Thy voice awoke a Lazarus who had slept  
 Four days a corpse beneath the tyrant's doom.

Though my frail dust in seedy atoms fly  
 On curly winds or float the beaten strand,  
 Yet, shall I hear thy mandate from on high :  
 Arise ! ye dead, and wing the spirit land.

## XV.

Thou shalt be Father when our pulse shall die  
 And our frail dust return to nature's womb—  
 When in death groans we heave our final sigh,  
 And earth's vain pomp be buried in the tomb.  
 Thou shalt be Father when the trump shall sound  
 And shake the vault of all creation's dead—  
 When in that hour the sons of God are found  
 And earth's vast millions leave their sleeping bed.

## XVI.

Thou shalt be Father at the Judgment day,  
 When death and hell deliver up their prize,  
 And aliens, lost in desperation, pray,  
 With sin's eternal weight of dying cries.  
 Thou shalt be Father when the Saviour's blood  
 Shall grace all Christians for the shining shore,  
 To shun the woes of sin's destructive flood  
 For seraphs' crowns, where death shall be no more.

## XVII.

Yes, though I die, I sure shall rise again,  
 Amid the raging of our globe on fire,  
 And meet a world, condemned because of sin,  
 To feel the sentence of thy flaming ire.  
 When Thou shalt sit upon thy throne, oh ! God,  
 And call the dead around thy judgment bar,  
 Oh ! let me feel thy all-sustaining nod,  
 And through thy Son be safe in Zion's car.



## XVIII.

Of thoughts unspeakable my soul is blest,  
 Though feeble my perception, Lord, of Thee ;  
 Long shall thy fadeless glory fill my breast,  
 And bear my homage to the Deity.  
 Father ! to Thee alone my thoughts can soar—  
 Thou art my rock, my shield and strong defence ;  
 By thy vast works thy wisdom I adore,  
 And call Thee Father ! Omnipotence !

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 STRANGE BIBLE FACTS.
 

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The learned Prince of Grenada, heir to the Spanish throne, imprisoned by order of the Crown, for fear he should aspire to the throne, was kept in solitary confinement in the old prison at the Place of Skulls, Madrid. After thirty-three years in this living tomb, death came to his release, and the following remarkable researches taken from the Bible, and marked with an old nail on the rough walls of his cell, told how the brain sought employment through the weary years :

In the Bible the word Lord is found 1,853 times, the word Jehovah 6,855 times, and the word Reverend but once, and that in the 9th verse of the CXIth Psalm. The 8th verse of the CVIIth Psalm is the middle verse of the Bible. The 9th verse of the VIIIth chapter of Esther is the longest verse ; 35th verse, XIth chapter of St. John is the shortest.

In the CVIIth Psalm four verses are alike, the 8th, 15th, 21st, 31st. Each verse of the CXXXVIth Psalm ends alike. No names or words with more than six syllables are found in the Bible. The XXXVIIth chapter of Isaiah and XIXth chapter of 2nd Kings are alike. The word Girl occurs but once in the Bible, and that in the 3rd verse and IIIrd chapter of Joel. There are found in both books of the Bible 3,586,483 letters, 773,693 words, 31,373 verses, 1,189 chapters and 66 books. The XXVIth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles is the finest chapter to read. The most beautiful chapter in the Bible is the XXIIIrd Psalm. The four most inspiring promises are John XIVth chapter and 2nd verse, John VIth chapter and 37th verse, St. Matthew XIth chapter and 28th verse, and XXXVIIth Psalm, 4th verse. The 1st verse of the LXth chapter of Isaiah is the one for the new convert. All who flatter themselves with vain boastings of their perfectness should learn the VIth chapter of Matthew. All humanity should learn the VIth chapter of St. Luke, from the 20th verse to its ending.

THE END.

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